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WARREN J. LYNCH,

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Strawberry and Vegetable Dealers

The Passenger Department of the Illinois Central Railroad Company have recently issued a publication known as Circular No. 14, in which is described the

best territory in this country for the growing of early strawberries and early vegetables. Every dealer in such products should address a postal card to the undersigned at 945022, IOWA, requesting a copy of "Circular No. 14."

J. F. MERRY, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agent.

LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

IN GREAT VARIETY for sale at the lowest prices by

A. N. Kellogg Newspaper Co.
335 West Fifth Street, Cincinnati.

PENSIONS on age at 62, Civil War; or on disability of most loyal soldiers' service, and ages of Ohio men, 30 years and over, laws and advice given. A. W. McCARTY & SONS, 218 Walnut St., CINCINNATI, O.

A. N. K. E.

MEMORIES OF FARM LIFE.

Thoughts of a Boy of Ten as Related by Him When a Man of Sixty-Six.

At 5:30 a. m. the boy is perched on the barnyard fence, impatiently waiting for the "hired man" and "hired girl" to finish milking the cows. The boy dangles his bare feet to drive away the mosquitoes, while he uses both hands to relieve the itching and burning caused by the invisible "no-see-ems," says Forest and Stream. He looks at the mud nests under the eaves, and wonders why the swallows desert the cliffs when barns appear in the wilderness. "It shows sense, anyway," he mutters to himself.

Before the milkers are out of the yard the boy jumps off the fence; the straight spruce bars rattle to the ground, and the cows pass out, one by one, with a clicking of toes on the lowermost bar. The boy puts up the bars, then waits for something to happen. "Old Short Legs," the leader of the herd, braces herself, throws up her head, and sends out a blast that causes the air to vibrate, and the boy to wonder, for the hundredth time, what it is all about.

Down the hill through the narrow lane the boy follows the cows, listening to the rattling of hoofs, while he wonders why cows have split hoofs and the horses round. The end of the lane is soon reached. The boy drops the bars, and as they rattle to the ground he hears another boy letting down bars in the edge of the woods across a burnt land clover field. But the boy does not care for echoes this morning; it is bird life that claims his undivided attention.

Down by the brook in the alder grounds blackbirds are sending up a wild chorus. On all sides the boy hears the songs of native birds. The loud carol of the robin, the clear notes of the song sparrow, the tender strain of the Peabody bird, the rich, rollicking roundelay of the bobolink, the sweet, canary-like trill of the thistle bird, and over in the burnt land clover field the sprightly song of the house wren arises from many a blackened stump. Why the little bird was called house wren was beyond the boy's knowledge. He had never found a nest near a house, while nearly every hollow stump in pasture and field had its tenants. (Years later the wrens disappeared with the hollow stumps, but in that locality—northern Maine—did not build in or around farm buildings.) The boy visited several robin nests in the pasture. The nests were all in the roots of upturned trees. The boy wondered what the robins would do when there were no upturned trees.

The boy climbed over the rail fence into the clover field. He was no stranger to the birds; he had provided bread crumbs and nesting material, so the birds did not resent his curiosity. Two mornings before he had saved the eggs of a pair of house wrens by killing a large striped snake that had made its way to the top of the nesting stump. It was this nest towards which he struggled through the tangled clover.

If the birds did not resent his visit the bumblebees did. The bumblebees, little and big, thronged the clover field, and a scent of honey was in the dew-laden air, but the boy could not tell whether it came from the bees or from the sweet clover blossoms. He found nine eggs in the wren nest. They were rosy white, densely covered with brown dots and patches. The boy thought they looked like costly gems, such as his fairy books claimed for the prince and princess.

While inspecting the wren's nest the boy thought of breakfast, and thereupon he climbed back to the lane, homeward bound. He did not follow the lane to the barn, but turned off to visit the spring at the foot of the hill. When he stooped down to quench his thirst there looked up to him a ten-year-old boy with round face, blue eyes, and a mass of curly brown hair.

To-day, 56 years later, the same boy knelt to drink from a Massachusetts spring. The face that looked up to him was the face of an old man, long and wrinkled. The blue eyes were there, but the mass of brown hair had disappeared, and thin white locks had taken its place.

Ah, me! How the years are drifting!

Little Island Very Much in It.

There is an island in the Little Ossipee, not more than half as large as Cow Island, which is in two states, three counties and four towns. The states are, of course, Maine and New Hampshire. The counties are York and Oxford in Maine and Carroll county, N. H. The towns are Parsonsfield, Porter, Effingham and Freedom.—Lewiston (M. E.) Journal.

Most Popular Names.

William, Mary, John, Elizabeth, Thomas, George, Sarah, James, Charles, Henry, Alice, Ann, Joseph, Jane, Ellen, Emily, Annie, Frederick, Margaret, Emma, Robert, Arthur, Alfred, Edward. These, in the order given, are the most popular Christian names.

Just the Game for Him.

"I am surprised to hear that you are so enthusiastic over golf, Slighter. Do you play?"

"Not in a thousand years. Why, I wouldn't know a link from a balloon. But my wife is so completely taken up with the game that she has quit trying to run me."—Pittsburg Press.

Willing to Listen.

Tess—She was boasting that she is a very good listener.

Jess—Yes. She's what you might call a fluent listener. She loves to hear herself talk.—Philadelphia Press.

The Language of Feminine Clothes in Japan

Douglas Sladen, Author of "Queer Things About Japan," Writes of Women's Dress.

IN JAPAN nothing is as simple as it looks, for everything has a double meaning, too subtle for the ordinary tourist to discover. Not knowing the language of clothes, they at first sight seemed to me delightfully simple, if, from a feminine standpoint, rather lacking in excitement. In a country where millinery is an unknown quantity, and the style and cut of your gowns never change, what can the ordinary woman have to think about? Imagine a land without fashion papers or advertisements of straight-fronted corsets!

A woman's wardrobe appears to consist of an outer and inner kimono, a gorgeous obi or sash, some exquisite hair-combs, and a fan, while, instead of a watch, she carries a valuable tobacco pouch and pipe-case. There are, of course, a few more articles of seemingly less importance, such as the tabi, or thick white foot-gloves, which serve as both stockings and slippers, and the high wooden clogs or gata, worn in place of boots, and always put on at the front door on going out, and knocked off there on entering the house; and last, but not least, the dress-improver or obi-age, which supports the butterfly sash, and gives it the correct hump.

But if women in Japan do not tighten their straight-fronted corsets, they make up for this western idiosyncrasy in dress by binding up their loins so closely that they cannot walk, and are compelled to shuffle along with that peculiar rhythm of movement which is quite their own. Although a Japanese woman seems to be much more simply dressed than her western sister (and certainly she has reduced the number of her garments down to a very fine point), she is none the less a daughter of Eve in her love of personal adornment. For instance, every time her hair is taken down, two hours are spent in redressing it, and nothing would induce her to go to a picnic or to the theater without popping into the sleeve of her kimono her little dressing-case made of scarlet brocade, which contains her steel mirror and diminutive boxes of lip-salve, face powder and eyebrow renovator, nor would she go to her temple to pray if her obi did not sit just as an obi ought to sit, and has never since they were adopted by her remote ancestors.



THE JAPANESE WOMAN IN WALKING DRESS.

Under his kimono a man of the upper class wears a sort of kilted, divided skirt, something approaching the nature of trousers. This is called the hakama, and is always made of stiff silk. A woman wears, instead, an under-kimono. Both sexes wear two little aprons round the loins, called koshi-maki, and a sort of shirt called the suso-yoke. Neither a man's obi nor his hair are, of course, his glory and pride as they are with a woman; the narrow male sash is not an item of great importance, for although it is always made of rich silk, it is worn not so much for show as for use, to keep his kimono in place, and to serve as a waist-belt through which he can draw the rich chain and netsuke (button) of his tobacco and pipe-case, and if he is a merchant, his long-handled inkpot and pen-holder.

In the severest weather both the sexes wear padded kimonos, and the men have a short haori, or over-jacket, which only reaches to about their knees. A woman's complete outfit costs much more than a man's, although the actual number of the garments she wears at one time are fewer. Prof. Chamberlain, in his "Things Japanese," says: "A Japanese lady's dress will often represent a value of \$200, without counting the ornaments for her hair. A woman of the smaller shop-keeping class may have on her, when she goes out holiday-making, some \$40 or \$50 worth. A gentleman will rarely spend on his clothes as much as he lets his wife spend on hers. Perhaps he may not have on more than \$60 worth. Thence, through a gradual decline in price, we come to the coolie's poor trappings, which may represent as little as five dollars, or even two dollars, as he stands."

Between the sexes in Japan there is very little difference in the main features of dress, and little children are only beautiful little miniatures of their parents, more gaily and richly dressed. A tiny girl may wear the richest embroidered and stiffest brocades of flaming scarlets and gold made in exactly the same way as the soft gray or brown kimono of her mother. In tiny children the distinction of sex is shown by the color of the clothes, not the style in which they are made. Boys wear yellow, girls red.

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HINT ON THE SAFE SIDE.

Loser by Fire Thought Iced Drinks Should Have Hand-Grenades for Chasers.

"Fire insurance contains many surprises to the lay mind," said Marshall S. Briggs, president of the board of underwriters, according to the New York Sun. "One man who came to me for a policy on some ice houses which he had just acquired almost refused to credit our statements in explaining the high rate. Ice houses are extra hazardous risks because they are liable to spontaneous combustion. It happened in this case that the applicant received a telegram while we were still discussing the matter. He was informed that his new properties had burned to the ground. It chanced to be a very hot day and we adjourned for refreshments."

"I will have a tumbler full of cracked ice with a pint of Apollinaris," I said to the waiter.

"Why not a hot lemonade?" suggested the stricken ice house man.

"With the thermometer 99°!" I protested.

"He waved his hand."

"Consider the risk!" he said. "The fire rate on ice is six, seven, even ten per cent. per annum. At least, if you are going to risk spontaneous incineration, you had better drink a few hand grenades for a chaser."

It takes a man with a new-fashioned appetite to bemoan the lack of old-fashioned cooking.—Chicago Tribune.

MARKET REPORT.

Cincinnati, Sept. 14.	
CATTLE—Common	\$3 25 @ 4 00
Heavy steers	5 00 @ 5 25
CALVES—Extra	6 75 @ 7 00
HOGS—Ch. packers	6 00 @ 6 05
Mixed packers	5 60 @ 5 95
SHEEP—Extra	3 25 @ 3 40
LAMBS—Extra	5 85 @ 6 00
FLOUR—Spring pat.	6 35 @ 6 60
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 17 @ 1 18
No. 3 winter	1 15 @ 1 15
CORN—No. 2 mixed	56 1/2 @ 56 1/2
OATS—No. 2 mixed	34 @ 34
RYE—No. 2	78 @ 80
HAY—Ch. timothy	11 75 @ 11 75
PORK—Mess	12 30 @ 12 30
LARD—Steam	6 70 @ 6 70
BUTTER—Ch. dairy	10 @ 10
Choice creamery	21 @ 21
APPLES—Choice	1 50 @ 2 25
POTATOES—Per bbl	1 50 @ 1 75
TOBACCO—New	5 25 @ 12 25
Old	4 75 @ 14 50

Chicago.	
FLOUR—Winter pat.	4 60 @ 5 00
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 16 @ 1 18 1/2
No. 3 spring	1 10 @ 1 18
CORN—No. 2 mixed	54 @ 54
OATS—No. 2 mixed	31 1/2 @ 31 1/2
RYE—No. 2	74 @ 75
PORK—Mess	10 80 @ 10 90
LARD—Steam	7 10 @ 7 12 1/2

New York.	
FLOUR—Win. str's	5 10 @ 5 30
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 20 1/2 @ 1 20 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	53 @ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed	34 1/2 @ 35
PORK—Family	15 09 @ 15 09
LARD—Steam	7 65 @ 7 65

Baltimore.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 03 1/2 @ 1 07 1/2
CORN—No. 2 mixed	53 @ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed	41 @ 41
CATTLE—Steers	5 25 @ 5 50
HOGS—Western	6 50 @ 6 50

Louisville.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 09 @ 1 09
CORN—No. 2 mixed	56 @ 56
OATS—No. 2 mixed	43 @ 43
LARD—Steam	7 00 @ 7 00
PORK—Mess	13 50 @ 13 50

Indianapolis.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red	1 08 @ 1 10
CORN—No. 2 mixed	53 @ 53
OATS—No. 2 mixed	32 @ 32

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W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 SHOES FOR MEN.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's \$3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world. The reason W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes are the greatest sellers in the world is because of their excellent style, easy fitting and superior wearing qualities. If I could show you the difference between the shoes made in my factory and those of other makes and the high-grade leathers used, you would understand why W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes cost more to make, why they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater intrinsic value than any other \$3.50 shoe on the market to-day, and why the sales for the year ending July 1, 1904, were

\$6,263,040.00.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it—take no substitute. Sold by shoe dealers everywhere. Ask Color Card used Exclusively.

Superior in Fit, Comfort and Wear. "I have worn W. L. Douglas \$3.50 shoes for the last twelve years with absolute satisfaction. I find them superior to all other shoes and wear to others costing from \$5.00 to \$7.00 a pair." B. S. McCUE, Dept. Col. U. S. Int. Biscuit, Richmond, Va.

W. L. Douglas uses Corona Calfskin in his \$3.50 shoes. Corona Calf is considered to be the finest Patent Leather made.

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